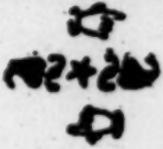




# ¶ Here after foloweth the

boke of Phyllipp Sparowe  
comppled by mayster  
Skelton poore  
Laureate.



# ମହା ରାଜ୍ୟ ରେ କମ୍ପରାଯାଳୀ

ମହାରାଜୀ କମ୍ପରାଯାଳୀ  
ରାଜ୍ୟର ପରିବାର  
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**D**ame Maudis sonne  
Came to her sonne  
Dame Maudis sonne  
Is a knyght my lord  
And bretone and bryt wyp  
Hes y sonne of Baldwin Sparow  
That was late knyght at cressoun  
Among the fernes blake  
For that ther comes late  
And for all Sparowys knyght  
Set in out bretoun  
Water noster qui  
With an Almain  
And with the knyght of a knyght  
The knyght of your knyght.

**W**hen Almaine agayn  
Held his knyght wyp sonne Baldwin  
Reuest halfe the knyght  
Was betwene þom to þom  
þe knyghts, and þe knyghts  
And þe knyghts, and þe knyghts  
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I wept and I wayled  
The teareys downe wayled  
But nothynge it auayled  
To call Phylipp agayne  
Whom Syb our cat hath slayne

Syb I saye our cat  
Woruld her on that  
Witch I loued best  
It can not be exprest  
Whysowfull heynesse  
But all with our redresse  
So within that bounde  
Halfe aumbrye in a sounde  
I fell downe to the grounde  
Cryneth I keepe myne eyas  
To watke the cloudy skyes  
But when I dyd beholde  
A spato to dead and colde  
A creature blythe that wolde  
Haue reweyd upon me  
To beholde and se  
What he mynste dyd me paine  
Wherewith my handes I wylage  
that

That my sena<sup>ys</sup> cracked  
Is though I had been racked  
So pynched and so crayned  
That no lyfe vaclynge remayned  
¶ I spghed and I scribbled  
for that I was robbed  
Of my sparowes lyfe  
Of mayden, wypdall, and wypfe  
Of what estate y<sup>e</sup> be  
Of hys oz lewe degré  
Great sorowe than y<sup>e</sup> myght se  
And leue to wepe at me  
Such pynnes dyd me frete  
That myne herte dyd bete  
By bysage pale and dead  
Wanne, and bleme as lead  
The panges of hatefull death  
Sooellaynghad stopped my breath

¶ Hau hau me  
That I am doo<sup>re</sup> to the  
Ad dñm cum tribulat<sup>e</sup> clamant  
¶ And nochunge is crang<sup>e</sup> I  
but

**B**ut phyllipes sotte to kepe  
From the matres hepe  
Of Acherones wey  
That is a flode of hell  
And from the great Pluto  
The vynce of endles wo  
And from soule Alecto  
With byslage blacke and blo  
And from Medusa that mare  
That lyke a swide doth stare  
And from Hegeras edders  
For rustlyng of phillips fethers  
And from her syry spacklynges  
For burnyng of his wrynges  
And from the smokers tolde  
Of Proserpinas boore  
And from the deince darke  
godet Cerberus doth barkes  
Whom Theseus dyd astrape  
From hom Hercules by boutayre  
As famous poetes say  
For that he t bounde  
That lyeth in cheynes bounde  
With

With gashly hedes ther  
To Juppter pray we  
That Phyllip preservd may be  
A men say ye with me

**C**o mi nus.

Help us we sweete Jesus  
Leuauit oculos meos in montes  
Wolde god I hadzenophontes.

**O** Mocrates the Wolfe  
To helpe me their deups  
Moderatly to take  
This sorrow that I make  
for Phyllip sparclyes sake  
So feruently I shake  
I fel my body quake  
So vrgently I am brought  
Into carefull thought  
**C**Like Andromach Hectors wiffe  
Was myr of her lyfe  
Whan she had lost her ioye  
Noble Hector of Troye  
In lyke maner also

En

Encreaseth my deedly wo

for my sparowe is go

It was so pretay a sole

It wold set on a stole

And lerned after my stole

For to kepe his cut

With phyllipp kepe poure tut

**C**It had a veluet cap

And wold syc upon my lap

And sette after small wormes

And somypine white bzed cranes

And many tymes and ofte

Detwene my brestes softe

It wold aby and rest

It was propre and pretay

**C**Some pme he wold galpe

Whan he salwe a walpe

A flp, or a quab

He wold aby at that

And pretay he wold pane

Whan he saw an ake

Lord how he wold pyp

After the butterfly

Lord

Lorde how he wold be hop  
After the gressop  
And whan I sayd phipp/phipp  
Than he wold lepe and skipp  
And take me by the lyp  
Alas it wyl me so  
That philippis gone me fro  
Cwt in t qui ta tis  
Alas I was culpat ease  
Cwt pro fun dis clama sic  
Whan I falle my sparrowe bye

**N**oller after my dome  
 Dame Sulspacia at Rome  
 Whose name registered was  
 for vert in tables of bras  
 Because that she wuld pas  
 In poesye to endyte  
 And eloquently to wryte  
 Though she woulde pretende  
 My sparrowe to commende  
 I trouwe she woulde not amende  
 Reportyng the hermes all

of

Of my sparrowe to all  
For it wold come and go  
And syde and fro  
And on me it wold lepe  
Whan I was a slepe  
And his fether shake  
Wher he wold he make  
Me often for to awake  
And so to take him on  
Upon my naked shyn  
God wot we thought no syn  
What thought he crept so lowe  
It was no hert I crewe  
He dyd nothynge perwe  
But slyp upon my bae  
Philipp thought he were aye  
In herte was no bale  
Philipp had leue to go  
To pykempysell too  
Philipp myght be bolde  
And do what he wold  
Philipp wold leke and take  
All the fressh blake

that

That he coulde ther espie  
With his wanton eye

**C**ome pe ra  
La soll fa fa

Colitebo; tibi dñe i te to corde meo

Alas I wold ryde and go

**A** Thousand myle of grounde  
If any such myght be foud  
It were worth an hundredth pound  
Of kyng Cresus golde  
Or of Aralus the olde  
The ryche pypine of Bargaine  
Who so lyst the story to se  
Cadmus that his spfere sought  
And he shold be bought  
For golde and fee  
He shuld pierc the see  
To wete if he coulde bryng  
Any of the of spypnge  
Or any of the blode  
But who so vnderthode  
Of spedes arte

I wold I had a parte  
Of her crafty magyke  
My sparowe thā shuld be quycke  
With a charme of twayne  
And playe with me agayne  
But all this is in bayne  
Thus so; to complayne  
¶ I take my sampler ones  
Of purpose for the nones  
To solue with stytches of sylke  
My sparowe wþþte as mylike  
That by representacyon  
Of his Image and facyon  
To me it myght imposse  
Some pleasure and comfo;te  
for my solas and spoþte  
But whā I was solwing his beke  
Me thought my sparowe did spek  
And oþered his preþþ byll  
Saynge mayd peace in wþll  
Agayne me for to kyll  
þc prycke me in the head  
With that my needle waxed red

¶

Me thought of Phyllyps blode  
Myne heare ryght uprose  
And was in such a fray  
My speche was taken away  
I kest downe that there was  
And sayd Alas alas  
How commeth this to pas  
My fngers dead and colde  
Coude not my sampter holde  
My needle and thred  
I threwe away for to rede  
The best now that I mape  
Is for his soule to pray  
A poore infernall

Good lord haue mercy

Upon my sparowes soule  
Wyteen in my bede roule  
All of us wo cam  
Japhet cam and ~~Adam~~  
Cape gan si cat  
Shew me the ryght path  
At the hilles of armony  
Wherfore þe ȝides pccry  
of

¶ If þe þeþer þer beþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
That ȝe aȝt ȝeþ ȝeþ a ȝeþ ȝeþ  
And ȝe ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
Let ȝe ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
Deuþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
But ȝe ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
The ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
Of ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
That ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
Doberin he had aþt ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
Wreþes ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
That ȝe ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
Any of my ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
God sendeth his soule good rest  
I wolde have ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
Is ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
Is my ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
But my ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
An ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
That ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
Was ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
þeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ  
End my ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ ȝeþ

þe noþ; þat wylþ; 1314 10790  
¶ That þergerunce 3 at the gryfe  
By þay of exclamation  
In all the hole wacyon  
Of cattes wylde and tame  
God send them soþe for and fayre  
¶ That cat spacyalþy  
That he do so crudelþy  
¶ By lþtell þeþp Sparrowe  
That 3 brought up at Carrowe  
¶ O cat of tacyþ the kynde  
The synde was in thy mynde  
When thou wylþ þyde þe wylþ post  
3 wold thou habbeþ ben bynde  
The leopardes saange  
¶ The Lyons in thyre raze  
¶ Myȝt he catcheþ in thyre paines  
And gnatteþ the in thyre tylome  
¶ The þre þreyns of Lydamp  
Myȝt he bringeþ the þre þreyns  
¶ he dragons wylþ their doonges  
Myȝt he poppeþ in þe wylþ þe longes  
The manters of þe monþers  
Myȝt

Food

from Occup an the great se  
Unto the Iles of Orchadys  
From Tyll bery fery  
To the playne of Salysbery  
So trapterously my byrde to kyll  
That neuer ought the cupill Wyll  
Was neuer byrde in cage  
Moie gentle of cozage  
In doyng his homage  
Unto hys souerayne  
Alas I say agayne  
Deth hath departed vs twayne  
The false cat hath the slayne  
Fare well Phyllipp adew  
Our Lord thy soule restew  
Fare well without restoze  
Fare well for euer moie  
And ic dohere a Jevye  
Ic wold make one rew  
To se my sorow new  
These bylancous false cattes  
Were made for myse and ractes  
And noe for byrdes smale

Bi.

Alas

Alas my face wareth pale  
To tellynge this pytayng tale  
Holds my bynde so fayre  
That was wont to repayre  
And go in at my spayre  
And crepe in at my goye  
Of my gowne before  
Flyckerynge with his woynges  
Alas my hert it stynges  
Remembryng pretaynnges  
Alas myne hert it fleteth  
My phyllippes dolefull deth  
Whan I remembre it  
Wold pretely it woldes lyt  
Many tymes and ofte  
Upon my synger a'oft  
I played with him tyt tell tattyll  
And fed him with my spattyll  
With his byll betwene my lippes  
It was my pretaynng phyllippes  
Many a pretaynng kusse  
Had I of this swete musse  
And now the cause is thus

That.

That he is slayne me fro  
To my great pavne and wo  
Of fortune this the chaunce  
Standeth on baryaunce  
At tyme after pleasaunce  
Trouble and gteuaunce  
No man can be sure  
All way to haute pleasure  
As well perceyue ye maye  
How my dysport and play  
From me was taken a way  
By Gybour cat sauage  
That in a furvous rage  
Caught Phyllipp by the head  
And flied him there starke dead  
Chyppyclyson The leyson  
Chyppyclyson.

(soule)

**H** Diphyp Sparowes  
Set in our bederolle  
Let vs now Whysper  
A pater noster  
Laude anima mea dominum

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To wepe with me loke þ þe come  
All maner of byrdes in pour kynd  
þe none be left behynde  
To morynge loke that ye fall  
With dolorous songes funerall  
Some to synge and some to say  
Some to wepe and some to pray  
Euery byrde in his lase  
þe goldfynche, þe wagtaille  
þe ianglynge, Jay to rayle  
þe flegyng þre to chatter  
Of this dolorous mater  
And Robyn Redbreast  
þe shall be the preest  
þe Requiem masse to synge  
Softly warbelynge  
With helpe of the red sparrow  
And the chattrynge swallow  
This herle for to halow  
þe larke with his longe to  
þe spynke and þe martyne also  
þe shouclar with his brode bek  
þe doctrell that folysþe bek

And

And also the mad coote  
With a balde face to toote  
The felde face and the snyte  
The crowe and the kyte  
The caupn called rolfe  
His playne songe to solfe  
The partryche the quaple  
The plouer with v 3 to wayle  
The woodhake þ syngeth chur  
Horsly as he had the mir  
The lusty chaityng nyghtyngale  
The poppyngay to tell her tale  
That tooteh oft in a glasse  
Shall rede the Gospell at masse  
The maups with her Whystell  
Shall rede therre the Pystell  
But with a large and a longe  
To kepe iust playne songe  
Our chauters shalbe þ Cuckoue  
The Culuer the Stockedowme  
With purp the Lapwyng  
The versicles shall syng  
The Bette with his bumpe  
The

The Crane with his trumpe  
The Swan of Menander  
The Gose and the Gander  
The Ducke and Drake  
Shall watche at this Wake  
The Decocke so proude  
Because his voyce is so vnde  
Who hath a gloriouſ tayle  
He shall syng the Crayle  
The oyle that is so foule  
Must helpe his to houle  
The heron so gaunce  
And the cormorance  
With the felaunce  
And the gagyng gaunte  
And the churlyſſe chowgh  
The rounce and the kowgh  
The barnacle, the bussarde  
With the Wynde mallarde  
At the dyuenday to slepe  
At the warber hent to wepe  
At the pussyn and the tele  
Money they shall deie  
To poore folke at large

that

That shall be theyr charge  
The semewe, and the eyenose  
The Wodcocke w<sup>t</sup> he longe nose  
The threstyl w<sup>t</sup> her warblyng  
The starlyng w<sup>t</sup> her brablyng  
The roke w<sup>t</sup> the osp<sup>r</sup>aye  
That putteh fylshes to a fraye  
And the denty curle we  
With the turtyll most trew

At this placebo  
We may not well so; go  
The countrynge of the coe  
The sto;ke also  
That maketh his nest  
In chymneyes to rest  
With in those walles  
No broken galles  
May there abyde  
Of cokold<sup>r</sup> syde  
Or els philosphy  
Maketh a great lye  
The Estryge that wyll eate  
In horsholme so great

In the stede of meate  
Such feruent heat  
His stomake so great  
He can not well fy  
Nor syngे tunably  
Yet at abrayde  
He hath well assayde  
To solfe aboue Cla  
Calozell fa fa  
He quando  
Male cantando  
The best that we can  
To make hym our Belman  
And let hym ryng the bells  
He can do nothynge ellys  
Chaunteclere our coke  
Must tell what is of the clocke  
By the astrology  
That he hath naturally  
Conceyued and coughe  
And was never caught  
By Alburnaser  
The Astronomer

For by Petholomy  
Prince of Alstronomy  
For yet by Haly  
And yet he croweth dayly  
And urghly the tydes  
That no man abydes  
With partlot his hen  
Whom now and then  
He plucketh by the hefe  
Whan he doth her crede  
The bynde of Itaby  
That potencyallp  
May never dye  
And yet there is none  
But one alone  
A phener it is  
This herse that must blys  
With armatycke gummes  
That cost great sumes  
The way of Thurifcation  
To make a fumigation  
Sweete of reclar  
And redolent of eyre

This

This corse for to sence?  
With greate reuerence  
As Parryarde or Pope  
In a blacke cope  
Whyles he senseth  
He shall synge the verse  
Libe/ra me  
In de la soll re  
Sofly bemoile  
For my sparowes soule  
Plinni sheweth all  
In his stoy naturall  
What he doth fynde  
Of this Phenix kynde  
Of whose incynneracion  
There ryseth a new creacion  
Of the same facyon  
Without aleeracion  
Sauyng that olde age  
Is turned into corage  
Of ffele the youth agayne  
This matter trew and playne  
Playne matter in dede

Who

Who so lyt to rede  
But for the Egle doth flye  
Byest in the skye  
He shall be thye se dearie  
The quere to deimeane  
As prouost pryncypall  
To teach them theyz ordynall  
Also the noble falcon  
With the grefawcon  
The tarsell gentyll  
They shall morne soft and stylle  
In theyz amysse of gray  
The sacre with them shall say  
Dirge for Thyllyppes soule  
The goshaule shall haue a role  
The queresters to controll  
The lanners and the marlons  
Shall stād in their monig goūes  
The hobby and the muskette  
The sensers and þ crosse shall fet  
The kestell in all this warke  
Shall be holy Wacher clarke

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And now the darke cloudy nyght  
Chaseth a way phebus bynghe  
Taking his course to ward þ west  
god sede my sparoes sole good rest  
Requiem eternā dona eis dñe.

fa fa fa my re.

**C**a por ta in fe re  
fa fa fa my my

**C**redo vydere bona domini.

Ip̄ay god phillip to heuē may fly

**D**omine exaudi oracionē meā

To heuen he shall frō h̄cūē he cam

**D**o mi nus bo b̄s cum

Of al good prayers god sed him

Oramus. sum

**D**e⁹ cui p̄p̄tū est misericordia & p̄cere

On phillips soule haue p̄pte.

**H**oꝝ he was a p̄etty cocke  
And came of a gentyll stocke  
And w̄apt in a maidenes smocke  
And cheryſhed full dayntely  
Thyll cruell face made him to dy  
Alas

Alas for dolfull destry  
But wher to shuld I  
Lenger morne or crye  
To Juppter I call  
Of heuen emperall  
That Phyllip may fly  
Aboue the stary sky  
To treda the pretie wren  
That is our Ladres hen  
Amen/amen/amen.

C yet one thyngis behynde  
That now commeth to mynde  
An Egyptaphe I wold haue  
For phyllippes graue  
But for I am a mayde  
Tymerous, halfe afayde  
That neuert yet a sayde  
Of Elconys well  
Wherethe muses dwell  
Though I can rede and spell  
Recounte, reporte, and tell  
Of the tales of Caunterbury  
Some sad storyes, some mery

Is Palawon and Arctet  
Duke Theseus and parrellet  
And of the Wyfe of Bath  
They worketh moch scachy  
Whan her tale is tolde  
Amonge huswifes bolde  
Hoo she contredide  
Her husbandes as she wold  
And them to despysse  
In the homlyest Wyfe  
Bryngge other Wyues in thought  
Their husbandes to set at nought  
And though that rede haue I  
Of Galwen and sy Guy  
And tell can a great pece  
Of the golden flesse  
How Jason it wan  
Lyke a balyault man  
Of Arturs rounde table  
With his knyghtes commendable  
And dame Gaynour his quene  
Was som what wanton I wene  
Hoo sy Launcelete de lake

Many a sperebrake  
For his ladyes sake  
Of Trystram and kynge Marke  
And all the hole Warke  
Of bele Isold his Wyfe  
For whom was moch stryfe  
Some say she was lyght  
And made her husband knyght  
Of the compne hall  
That cockeldes men call  
And of syz Lybius  
Named Dysconius  
Of quater syz Edmund  
And how they were sommonde  
To come to Charlemayne  
Upon a great payne  
And how they rode eche one  
On Bayarde Mountaibon  
Men se hym now and than  
In the forest of Arden  
What thought I can frame  
The stoyes by name

of

Of Judas Machabeus  
And of Cesar Julius  
And of the loue be twene  
Paris and byene  
And of the duke Hannibal  
What made the Romaynes all  
For dredre and to quake  
How Scipion dyd Wake  
The cypte of Cartage  
Whiche by his mercyfull rage  
He bate downe to the grounde  
And though I can expounde  
Of Hector of Troye  
That was all theyr ioye  
Whom Achilles slew  
Wherfore all Troy dyd reel  
And of the loue so hote  
That made Troylus to dote  
Upon fair Cressyde  
And what they wrote and sayd  
And of theyr Wanton Wyllcs  
Vandaer bare the byllcs  
From one to the other

his

His maisters loue to further  
Somtyme a presuous thyng  
In ouchr or els a ryng  
From her to hym agayn  
Somtyme a prett chapn  
Or a bracelet of her here  
Payd Troplas for to were  
That raken for her sake  
How hartely he dyd it take  
And moche therof dyd make  
And all that was in vayne  
for she dyd but fayne  
The storp telleth playne  
He coulde not optayne  
Though his father were a kyng  
yet ther was a thyng  
That made tha male to wryng  
She made hym to syng  
The song of louers lay  
Wysyng nyght and day  
Wourning all alone  
Comfort had he none  
for she was quyte gone

B.i.

thus

Thus in conclusyon  
She brought him in abusyon  
In earnest and in game  
She was much to blame  
Disparaged is her fame  
And blemysshed is her name  
In maner half with shame  
Troylus also hath lost  
On her moch loue and cost  
And now must kys the post  
Pandara that went betwene  
Hath won nothing I wene  
But lyght for somer grene  
Yet for a speciall laud  
He is named Troylus brad  
Of that name he is sure  
Whyles the world shall dure  
Though I rememb're the fable  
Of Penelope most stable  
To her husband most creww  
Yet long tyme she ne knew  
Whether he were on lyue or ded  
Her wyf stood her in ded

That

That he was true and iust  
For any bodily lust  
To wixes her make  
And never wold him for sake

Of Marcus Marcellus  
A proces I could tell vs  
And of Ante ocus  
And of Josephus  
De antiquitatibus  
And of Barbocheus  
And of great Assuerus  
And of Uesca his queene  
Whom he forsoke with tecne  
And of Hester his other wyfe  
With whom he led a pleasant life  
Of kyng Alexander  
And of kyng Cuander  
And of Porcena the great  
That made þ romayns to smart

Thouḡ I haue entold  
A thousand new and old  
Of chesc historious tales  
To fyll bougets and males

C.ii.

Witch

With booke that I vaunted  
Yet I am no thyng sped  
And can but tytell thyll  
Of Dryd or Virgell  
Or of Plinthecke  
Or of Frauncys Petrarche  
Alcheus or Sapho  
Or such other Poetes mo  
As Linus and Homerus  
Enphorion and Theocritus  
Inacreon and Arion  
Sophocles and Philemon  
Pyndarus and Pymonides  
Phalliston and Phocides  
These Poetes of antiquite  
They art to diffise for me

for as I to boke haue capte  
I am but a yong mayd  
And can not in effect  
My stile as yet direct  
With englyssh wordes alone  
Our naturall tong is rude  
And hard to be entayned

With

With pullyshed termes knypp  
Our language is so rusty  
So cankered and so full  
Of stowardes and so dull  
That if I wulde apply  
To wryte on natly  
I wot not whare to fynd  
Termes to serue my mynde  
Sowles englysh is olde  
And of no value told.  
His mater is woorch gold  
And wryth to be emold  
In Chaucer I am sped  
His tales I haue red  
His mater is delectable  
Solacious and commendable  
His englysh well allowed  
So as it is empayled  
for as it is empayled  
There is na englysh woyd  
At thos bayers moch comayded  
And now with thos haue amayded  
His englyssh whare at they bates  
And

And war all they warke  
Chaucer that famug clerke  
His termes were not warke  
But plesaunt/easy/and playne  
He wrode he wrote in hayne

Also John Lydgate  
Wryteth after an hyper rate  
It is dyffuse to fynde  
The sentence of his mynde  
Yet wryteth he in his kynd  
No man that can amend  
Those maters that he hath pende  
Yet some men speide a faute  
And say he wryteth to haute  
Wherfore hold me excused  
If I haue not well perused  
Myne englyssh halfe abused  
Though it be refusid  
In worth I shall it take  
And se wel wrodes make  
But for my sparrowes sake  
Yet as a woman may  
My wryt I shall allay

and

In Epytapheto Wryght  
In latyne playne and lyght  
Where of the Elegy  
folleth by and by  
¶ flos bolucrum formose h[ab]it  
Philippe. sub isto  
Pharaoe iam recubas  
Qui mihi carus eras  
Semper erunt nitido  
Badiania sydera celo  
Impressus q[ui] meo  
Pectore semper eris  
Per me Laurigerum  
Brytanum skeletonida baten  
Hec cecinisse licet  
Ficta sub imagine texta  
Cuius eris boluctis  
Præstanti corpore virgo  
Candida fenis erat  
Formosior illa Ioruna est  
Docta cepanna fuit  
Sed magis illa sapit  
Biem men sownent,

the

**C** The commendacions  
**B** Eat i in ma cu lu ti in via  
Q glo rio sa femi na  
C Now myne hole imaginacion  
And studious medytacion  
Is to take this commendacyon  
In this consyderacion  
And vnder pacient tolleracion  
Of that most goodly mayd  
That placebo hath sayd  
And for her sparow pypa  
In lamentable wyse  
Now wyl I enterpryse  
Thow in the grace dypynge  
Of the muses nyne  
Her beautye to commende  
If Arcthusa wyl send  
Her influence to endyte  
And with my pen to wryte  
If Apollo wyl pypasse  
Melodiously it to deuryse  
His tunable harpestrynges  
With armory that synges

Of Princes and of kynges  
And of all pleasaunt thynges  
Of lust and of delyght  
Thoro' his godly myght  
To whom be the laude asctybed  
That my pen hath empaybed  
With the aureat droppes  
As betely my hope is  
Of Thamus that golden fles  
That passeth all earthly good  
And as that fles doth pass  
All flesdes that euer was  
With his golden fandes  
Who so that understandes  
Cosmographie: and the streyngh  
And þe flesdes in straunge tenuis  
Myght so she doth excede  
All other of whom we rede  
Whose fame by me shall sprede  
In to Perce and Mebe  
From bytous Albion  
To the towe of Babilon  
I trust it is no shame

End

And no man wylle me blame  
Though I regester her name  
In the courte of fame  
For this most goodly floure  
This blossome of fresshe coulour  
To Jupiter me socour  
She floyssheth newe and newe  
In belote and vertello  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriosa femina

¶ Recribue seruo tuo viuificans

La bi a mea laudabunt te

**B**ut enforced am I  
Openly to asky  
And to make a out cri  
Against odious enuie  
that euer more wyl be

And say curstely  
With his ledberesp  
And chekes dry  
With bysage wan  
As warrastam  
Big bones crake

Leane

Leane as a rake  
His gummes ruste  
Are full vnlykly  
His heate with all  
Bytter as gall  
His lyuer / his longe  
With anger is wronge  
His serpentes tonge  
That many one hath stonge  
He scowleth euer  
He laugheth never  
Cuen noȝ morow  
But other mennes sorow  
Causeth him to grye  
And reioyce therin  
No slope can him catch  
But euer doth watch  
He is so bete  
With malte and stete  
With angte and yre  
His soule despise  
Wyl suffre no slepe  
In his bed to crepe

his

His feule semblaunt  
Hil dispiseaunt  
Whan ocher ar glau  
Than is he sad  
francyske and mad  
His tong never styll  
for to say yll  
Wyþþyng and Wyþþyng  
Wyþþyng and Wyþþyng  
And thus this eſt  
Consumeth him ſelv  
Him ſelv doth ſlo  
With payne and doo  
This ſaſe enuy  
Mayth that I  
Use greatfolys  
for to endyte  
And for to wyþte  
And ſpend my tyme  
In proſe and ryme  
for to expref  
The noblenes  
Of my maistres

bat

What causeth me  
Studious to be  
To make a relation  
Of her commendation  
And there agayne  
Envyn doth complayne  
And hath dissapayne  
But yet certayne  
I wyll me playne  
And my style dyes  
To this proesse

Now shew me hem  
To shape my pen  
And lede my fynt  
As hym best lytt  
What I may say  
Honour alway  
Of womam lynd  
Crouch doth me lynd  
And loyalte  
Ever to be  
Their true bedell  
To wryte and tell

Now

How women excell  
In noblenes  
As my maistres  
Of whom I thynke  
With pen and pen  
For to compyle  
Some godly stile  
For this most godly floute  
This blossome of fresh colour  
To Juppter me socour  
She flourissheth new and new  
In beante and vertew  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriola femina  
Legem pone michi domine in  
vitam iustificationum tuarum  
Quia admodum desiderat ceterus  
ad fontes aquarum.  
**C**ONDON Hall I repose  
All the goodly soye  
Of her features clere  
That hath non earthly pere  
Her fauour of her face

CH

Ennewed all with grace  
Confort, pleasure and solace  
Myne hert doth so embrace  
And so hath raynched me  
Her to behold and se  
That in wordes playne  
I can not me restrayne  
To loke on her agayne  
Mas what shuld I sayne  
It were a plesaunt payne  
With her ey to remayne

Her eyen gray and stepe  
Causeth myne hert to lepe  
With her browes bens  
She may well represent  
Fayre Lucreas as I wene  
Or els fayre Polexene  
Or els Caliope  
Or els Penelope  
so this most goodly flower  
This blossome of frethe colour  
To Jupiter me socour  
She florisheth new and new

En

In beautye and verte  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriola femina  
Memento verbi tui seruo tuo  
Seruus tuus sum ego  
**T**he lady Saphyre blewe  
Her haynes doth ennew  
The Orient perle so clere  
The whytnesse of her lere  
The lusty raby ruddes  
Resemble the Rose buddes  
Her lyppes soft and mercy  
Emblomed lyke the chery  
It were an heuenly blythe  
Her sugred mouth to kyse  
Her beautye so aygmen  
Dame nature hath her lent  
A warre upon her cheke  
Who so lyft to seke  
In her wylage a star  
That semyth from a far  
Lyke to the redyant sun  
All wylth fauour fete

50

So properly it is set  
She is the vyolet  
The day sy delectable  
The calumbyn commendable  
The ielofet amiable  
This most goodly floure  
This blossom of freshy colour  
So Jupiter me succoller  
She florisheth new and new  
In beaute and vertew  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriisla semina  
Bonitate fecisti ei seruo rius dñi  
Et ex precordiis sonas precomi  
A sad thounth I perceyued  
Her want and coneyuerd  
It can not be delayd  
But if I was well conuayd  
And set so womanly  
And nethyngs wantonly  
But ryght conueniently  
And full conueniently  
As nature cold deuyde

D.

311

In most goodly wye  
Who se lyk beholde  
It makethe louers boide  
To her to se we for grace  
Her fauoure to purchase

The bker vpon her chyn  
Enbached on her fayre skin  
Whyneter than the swan  
It wold make any man  
To forget deadly syn  
Her fauour to wry  
for this most godly floure  
This blossom of fresh coloure  
To Jupiter me socoure  
The flourys sheth new and new  
In beaute and vertu  
Mac claritate gemina  
O gloriofa femina  
Defecit in salutare tuis aia mea  
Quid petis filio, mater dulcissima  
**S**o let & make no dyn ( ba ba  
for nro I wyll begyn  
To hewe in remembraunce

Bhet

Her goodly balpaunce  
And her goodly paunce  
So sad and so demure  
Behauynge her so sure  
With wordes of pleasure  
She wold make to the lute  
And any man conuert  
To gyue her his hole hert  
She made me sore a mased  
Upon her whan I gased  
Me thought min hert was crazed  
My eyne were so dased  
For this most goodly flour  
This blossom of fresh colour  
She flouryssheth new and new  
In beauty and vertu .  
Eccl. claritate gemina  
O gloriola femina  
¶ Quomodo dilexit legē tuā dñia.  
Recedant vetera noua sint oia.  
¶ And to amende her tale  
Whan she lyst to auale

and

And with her syngers smale  
And handes soft as spike  
Wypyter than the mylke  
That are so quyckely vapned  
Wher wryth my hand she strayne  
Lorde how I was payned  
Winneth I me testayned  
How she me had reclayned  
And me to her tetayned  
Enbrayng there woth all  
Her godly myddell small  
With sydes longe and strepte  
To tell you what conceypte  
I had than in a tyme  
At the matter were to nyle  
And yet ther was no byce  
Nor yet no byllany  
But only fantasie  
So this most godly flour  
The bloddyn of artis coldure  
To Jupiter me succoure  
The floryl shreth heis and heis  
In braunce and bette

BAC

Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriola feminæ  
Iniquos odia habuit  
Non calumniantur ne superbi.  
**B**ut where to shulde I note  
How often dyd I see  
Upon her pretie face  
It rapted myn hert rate  
To se her treade the grunde  
With heles shone and rounde  
She is plagnly expresse  
Egeria the goddesse  
And lyke to her image  
Empoured with courage  
A louers pylgrimage  
Ther is no beest sauage  
Ne no tyger so wood  
But she wold chaunge his mood  
Such reluent grace  
Is formed in her face  
For this most gydly flour  
This blossoms of fressh colour  
Ne Juniper me succour

She

She flourysilheth new and new  
In beaute and vertew  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriola femina

Mirabilia testimonia tua (sua  
Sicutnuelle placatores iuuentutis

O goodly as she dressest  
So propereyly she presst  
The bygght golden tresses  
Of her heet so fyne  
Lyke Phebus beaines shyne  
Wher to shuld I disclose  
The garteryng of her hose  
It is so; to suppose  
How that she can were  
Gorgiouly her gere  
Her fresche hablementes  
With other imlementes  
To serue for all entences  
Lyke dame flora quene  
Of lusty somet grene  
For this wost goodly floure  
With blossom of freshy colour

De Jupiter me soconre  
She florisheth new and new  
In beautye and verte  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriofa femina  
Clamaui i toto code exaudi me  
Misericordia tua magna est sup me  
Her kyrtle so goodly lased  
And bider that is braised  
Such plasures that I may  
Neþher wryte nor say  
Yet though I wryte not wryte  
No man can let me thynke  
For thought hath liberte  
Thought is franke and fre  
To thynke a mery thought  
It cost me lytell noȝ nouȝt  
Wolde god myne homely style  
Were publyshed with the style  
Of Ciceros eloquence  
To praise her excellencie  
For this most goodly flaire  
Thus blomme of fressh colourre

10

So Jupiter me succoure  
She flourys eth ne de and ne thyn  
In beaute and yeffe ylo  
Hac claritas gemina

O gloriola feminis (tis  
Principes persecuti sūt me gra  
Dibz colideratis. Paradisus vo  
luptatis. Hec virgo est dulcissima

**D**yp pen it is vnable  
My head it is vnable  
My reson cude and dall  
To prayse her at the full  
Goodly maistres Ians  
Obre deuoute Ryans  
Tane thes maystres byght  
The lode stace of deylght  
Dame Venus of all pleasure  
The Roiall of dauidis treasure  
She doth excede and pas  
In prudencie Dame Mellas  
Withs most goodly flour  
This woldome of tristesse colour  
So Jupiter me succoure

She

She florisheth new and new  
In beaute and verew  
Hath claritate gemina.  
O gloriosa femina.

**I**n this psalme Psie pbalſi  
Shall sayle ouer the ſee (me.  
With tibi domine com mendamus  
On pylgrimage to ſaynt Jamys  
For hym pces and for prayrs  
And for ſtakē ſtaps  
And where my pen hath offendyd  
I pray you it may be amendyd  
By diſcretē conſideracion  
Of your wylle reſonacyon  
I haue not offendyd I truthe  
If it be ſadly diſcussyd  
It were no gentle geſte  
This tracieſe to deſpyſe  
Because I haue wriuen & ſayd  
Honour of this ſainte mayd  
Wherefore ſhulde I be blamed  
That I Jane haue named

and

And famously p'proclaimed  
She is worthy to be enrolde  
With letters of golde

### **C**ar elle vault

**D**er me Laurigerum Brito  
num Skeltonida latem  
Laubibus eximis merito, hec res  
dimita puella est  
Formosā poecini qua non formos  
sioz villa est  
Formosam pocius, quam 'cōmens  
daret Homerus  
Sic iuuat interdum regidos res  
creare labores  
Fecimus hoc titulo terla minet  
ua. mea est.

**C**risen que play sera.

**C**thus endeth p' boke of Philip  
Skelton / and her foloweth an ad  
diccion made by maister Skelton  
**C**he

**T**he gyse now a dayes  
Of some tanglynge iayes  
Is to discommende  
That they cannot amend  
Though they wold spend  
All the wyttes they haue  
What ayle them to be penaunce  
Phillip Sparowes graue  
His dirige: her commendacyon  
Can be no deroga cyon  
But myrth and consolacyon  
Made by protestacyon  
No man to myscontent  
With Phillippes enterement  
Alas that goodly mayd  
Why shuld she be afrayde  
Why shuld she take shame  
That her goodly name  
Honorable reported  
Sholde be set and sorted  
To be matriculate  
With ladyes of estate  
I comure the Phillip Sparow

By

By Hercules that hell dyd harow  
And with a venemous arow  
Slew of the Epidances  
One of the Centaures

O<sup>r</sup> onocentrares

O<sup>r</sup> hipocentaurius

By whose myght and mayne

In hart was slayne

With hornes clayne

Of glycerping gold.

And the appels of gold

Of Hesperides withhold;

And with a dragon kept

That never moe slept

By maryall strength.

He wan at length

And slew Cerion

With thre doppes in one

With myghty force

Inaunted the rage

Of a lvon savage

Of Dyomedes stable

He brought out a table

DE

Of coursers and rounses  
With leapes and bounses  
And With my ghyt higgyng  
Wrestlyng and tuggyng  
He plucked the bull  
By the horned skull  
And offred to Copaucopia  
And so forth per cetera  
Also by Ecates doover  
In plintus gastry to dver  
By the vgly Eumenides  
That never haue less no rase  
By the bethemous serpene  
That in hell is smotred brent  
In Lerna the Geckes son  
That was engendred then  
By Chernes flames  
And all the dedly names  
Of infernall polly  
Where soules frye and rouste  
By the Stygianall flood  
And the streames wode  
Of Cocitus bovumies wod

By

By the kerymen of hell

Caron with his beerd hore  
That roweth with a rudercoz  
And with his fore top  
Spdeth his bote with a propre

I coniure Phylipp and call  
In the name of kyng Saul  
Primo regum expreesse  
He had the Phitonelle  
To wytch craft her to dresse  
And by her abuspons  
And dampnable illusyons  
Of marueylus conclusyons  
And by her supersticions  
And wonderfull conditpons  
She rapsed vp in that stede  
Samuell that was dede

But whether it were so  
He were idem in numero  
The selfe same Samuell  
How he is to Saul dyd he tell  
The Philitinis shuld hym ascty  
And the next day he shuld dye

I wry

I wyl my selfe dyscharge

To lettered men at large

But I byllyp I coniure the

Now by these names thre

Diana in the woodes grene

Luna that so bryght doth shyne

Proterpina in hell

That thou shortly tell

And shew no[n] unto me

What the cause may be

Of this perplexite

Intera philippe Heroupe pulchra Iohanna

instanter petut/cur nostri carminis illam

Hunc petet/et sero/minor est in amia vero

Than suche as haue disdained

And of this wo[rd]ke complayned

I pray god they be payned

No worse than is contayned

In verses two or thre

That folowe as you may se

Luride cur liuor volucris via funera d[omi]nas

Talite rapiant/rapiunt que fata volucrum

est tamen inuidia mo[re]s tibi contemua.

Printed at London at the pou[nt]

try by R[ichard] Bele.

# Philip Sparowes tombe,



